

they have not been more liberal in the past.

Our church is widely scattered, consequently it will not be possible for me to visit all of the churches within a month or two, and the needs of the work are immediate and urgent. I trust the friends south and west will not wait for my coming, but send in their gifts for such branch or branches of the work that appeals mostly to them. I expect to enter upon the work about the middle of April, visiting the Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio churches first.

GOD IS A GOD OF JUSTICE AS WELL AS A GOD OF LOVE

S. B. GRISSO.

One of the most common excuses for not accepting Christ is that of the moralist. He is ever ready to answer, "Do you mean to class me with the common sinner? I pay my debts, I love my neighbors, I don't steal, don't gamble, don't drink, I don't do anything of the kind, do you then mean to class me with the common sinner?" He can't see how he is guilty before God and under condemnation. He can't see how that in Adam all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. He does not understand how that by "one man's disobedience many were made sinners," or how by one man's obedience many may be made righteous. He cannot see how that the first is inherent and cannot be reconciled with God only by accepting Christ. A spring truly may send forth its pure bubbling water, by some outside influence become poisoned and wherever it runs or whoever drinks from it becomes poisoned. Adam was the spring (the representative of the human family), satan the outside influence which poisoned the water, it ran from soul to soul, we all drank and became poisoned with sin and thus became guilty before God, tho we did not commit the adamic sin. Since then, we are sinners by nature, or rather by inheritance, reconciliations must be made with God, or justice will be inflicted in the day of judgment.

A man commits a murder, leaves the country for ten or twelve years, he returns resolved to keep the laws from then on. But he is recognized and reported to the authorities, he is arrested, tried and condemned to be executed. He says, "Do you mean to execute me when I am keeping the law?" But the magistrate frankly informs him that in days gone by he violated the laws in committing murder for which he has never been punished. The law must be carried out and he is executed.

Just so it rests with the human family. In Adam we have all sinned, we have violated the law and must be punished if we fail to accept Christ. It makes no difference how good we may live, this sin has never been forgiven. "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we may be saved, but the name of Christ." Accept him then, ere it is too late.

There is grace in the desire of grace, as there is sin in the desire of sin.

The Home

The Fortified

FELIX CONNOP

Ye who dwell in sheltered places,
Pray for those whose frail barks toss,
Mariners on seas tempestuous,
Souls who suffer wreck and loss.

Pray, ye leaders in life's battle,
For the privates in your ranks,
Pray in memory of your victories
And with reverent hearts give thanks.

Pray, ye men of age and wisdom,
Whom experience has taught,
For the young who must encounter
The temptations ye have fought.

Pray, all ye by grace uplifted,
For the worsted, helpless ones,
Pray for all the least, the saddest
Of God's myriad of sons.

—Living Church.

No Place at Home for the Boy

I met him on a street corner—a bright, black-eyed lad of perhaps fourteen summers says the Household. I have seen him there evening after evening, and wondered whether there was no one who knew the temptations he encountered. I made friends with him and won his confidence. Then I questioned him kindly in regard to his spending so much time on the streets.

"I know," he said, looking up at me in such a frank, winning way, that I could not help thinking what a noble man he might make, "the street is not the place for a boy, but you see there's no place for me at home."

I was surprised and pained at the answer. "How is that?" I asked.

"Well I have two grown up sisters, and they entertain company in the parlor every evening. They give me to understand that I am 'a third party,' and not wanted. Then papa is always tired, and he dozes in the sitting-room, and does not like to be disturbed. It's pretty lonesome, you see; so I came down here. It was not always so," he went on. "Before grandma died I always went up to her room and had a jolly time. Grandma liked boys."

There was a quaver in the voice that told of a sorrow-time had not yet healed.

"But your mother?" I suggested.

"Oh, Mamma!—she is only a reformer, and has no time to spend with me. She is always visiting the prisons and work-houses, trying to reform men, or writing articles on how to save the boys."

"And her own boy in danger?"

"Yes, I am not half as good as I was before grandma died, I am getting rough, I am afraid. There don't seem to be any one to take an interest in me, so it does not much matter."

It was hard, bitter truth; and yet I knew that this was not the only boy who needed a wise, gentle hand to guide him thru the dangerous period.

Mothers! make home the brightest spot on earth for your children. Take an inter-

est in their sports; make yourselves young for their sakes.

I think the saddest, most hopeless thing I ever heard from a boy's lip's was that sentence: "There is no place for me at home."

THE STORY OF JOSEPH

MISS DELLIE FORD

Joseph was born and grew to young manhood at Hebron. He was loved by his father more than his brothers were. He was such a favorite that his father showed partiality to him and because of this he was hated by his brothers.

One night Joseph dreamed a dream which he told to his brothers. After he told them they hated him all the more.

Joseph carried food to his brothers who were at work in the fields. One day when they were at work Joseph carried their lunch to them and when they saw him approaching they began planning how to get rid of him. Joseph's father had given him a coat of many colors which he loved very much. Joseph's brothers now took this coat of many colors from him and put him in a pit to die.

While they were eating their lunch which Joseph had brought to them, a band of Midianites came by, then they thought of selling him to the merchants. So Joseph was taken out of the pit and sold to the Midianites. They then killed a kid and dipped Joseph's beautiful coat into the blood and carried it to his father who of course thought some wild beast had devoured his beloved son.

Joseph was then sold to Potiphar a captain of the guard. But Joseph still remained the same trustful boy that he had been to his father and was promoted to a better position in Potiphar's household. Here Joseph was imprisoned on a false accusation.

But Joseph could also be good here for God was with him. God never forsakes those who love and serve him. And there is no place which is so dark and deserted that we can not do good there. Joseph was now keeper in the prison. It then happened that two of the king's servants, the butler and the baker had offended and he cast them in prison. They dreamed strange dreams and were troubled. When they told Joseph he interpreted their dreams for them and made himself famous thereby. But when the butler was released he must have been ungrateful and not have sought to secure Joseph's release from prison.

By this time Joseph's beautiful character was so well known that Pharaoh himself had learned of it and wanted Joseph to assist him. Pharaoh called Joseph unto him and gave him a position of power in his house, a position next to the king himself. The king put a ring on his hand and clothed him with beautiful garments and he rode in a chariot.

There was now a period of great prosperity in the land. For seven years there were